



Does It Only Come In Black?"



147 3 9

Chapter 1 by Troublemaker number 2

"Does It Only Come In Black?"

My five-year-old son is crazy about cars, so I took him to his first car show. He loved seeing all the different models and brands and gushed over the big engines, the colors, and even the wheels. But the car he was most impressed with was a hearse. "Mom!" he shouted. "Look at all this storage!"

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



The child was born to take over my job, wasn't he? I scoop him up in my arms, careful to let him see the hearse up close but not muddy up its glossy sheen with his greasy hands.

Being the daughter of the grim reaper, I don't get a lot of days off. The family business demands most of my time. But seeing Judas this excited, well, it makes it all worth spending my day on him.

He's my nephew, a recent addition to the family. Not blood related to me or his mother in the least; rather we found him languishing at the bottom of a stream. Usually we take such cases

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Chapter 3 by Phantom



The crying isn't bad either, it's actually a rather pleasant bubbling noise. Have you ever been just sitting next to one of those fountains in a fancy restaurant or something? Ah, that reminds me of a certain hotel owner that needs to die next week. Ugh, always have this problem, thinking about work even on my off days. I need to get a life. Haha, get it? Maybe it's just me then... I look into Judas lifeless little eyes and toss him up and down in the air. He lets out a bubbly little giggle. I wonder if I will ever have a child of my own. I did see a rather cute demon last week...

Chapter 4 by go!den-in-the-mist



They've come from everywhere these days. Not everyone really seems to see the difference from angels and demons that show up, but my family does.

As I watched my nephew feel around, I gave him back to his adopted mother, and smiled as I walked out.

The day off was for my little nephew, but sometimes, I need some fresh air. I watched as people began to leave the car convention, leaving back to their hotels that they had somehow booked through luck, these days it was hard to find a vacant room.

And then I saw it. A little baby at the roof of the convention. And it looked like it was about to fall off.

It began to rock back and forth, and I noticed that no one else minded it, much less see it. I ran forward, and caught it before it could hit the ground.

I looked into its eyes, and noticed it was the demon I had seen just a week ago.

Would it hurt to keep it?

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